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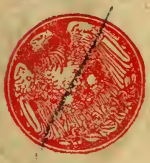
VERSES

By

HELEN KNIGHT WYMAN



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Mrs. Thos. Franklin Currier
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These little poems go forth at this Eastertide in loving memory of their author; if they bring cheer to any heart that loved her, it will be as she would have it. They form in no wise a complete collection, but have been selected as seemingly typical of the poetry and the faith which were so large a part of her life. Some of the poems have already been published in *Good Housekeeping*, *The Boston Cooking-School Magazine*, *The Wellspring*, and *The Congregationalist*, and are here reprinted by courtesy of the editors.

F. W. C.

AT HOME.

In my heart a little bird
  Sits and sweetly sings;
Soft and quiet is his note,
  Folded are his wings.

No more restlessly abroad
  Does he seek to roam;
Passion does not fill his voice,
  But he sings of Home.

Quite forgot the wasted years
  Which afar he spent.
Do you ask the singer's name?
  He is called — Content!

SPRING VOICES.

" Awake! Awake, O Tree! "
  Sings the Wind to the Elm-tree sere;
And the swaying branches free
Hear the happy melody,
  " The Spring is drawing near! "

" Return! Return, O Birds! "
  Calls the Elm to Robin and Wren;
And they hear the welcome words —
The eager, waiting birds —
  And fly northward once again.

" Open your drowsy eyes! "
  Pipes the Red-breast to the Flowers;
And the May-flower, where she lies,
Hears the song, in glad surprise,
  And decks her forest-bowers.

" Make melody, O Men! "
  Breathes the May-flower's gentle voice;
And in all their dwelling-places
Men lift their happy faces,
  And all their hearts rejoice!

So, if the singing Wind
  Can waken the sleeping Tree;
If the Robin's musical word
By the dreaming Flower is heard,
  And that calls, in turn, to me;

Then, surely, I may dare
  To sing, as I join my voice
To Nature's tuneful choir —
O, Brethren, aspire!
  Let us worship and rejoice!

SILVER POPLARS.

A perfect day, within a month of days!
I walk alone amid the leafy ways;
I hear the music which the wandering breeze
Makes in the branches of the poplar-trees.
A fairy vision seem they to my view,
All green and silver on a field of blue!

In wintry hours oft shall return to me
That beauteous scene, that elfin minstrelsy.
Again as now shall I with rapture hear
That murmur musical with inward ear;
With inward sight shall I again espy
That tracing fair upon the azure sky.

Happy the soul to whom the gods have sent
The gift which brings perennial content!
He sees, when summer's scorching winds do
blow,
The silver moonlight falling on the snow;
He hears, when winter sends his chilling
breeze,
Summer's sweet music in the rustling trees!

FAIR WEATHER.

FIRST FRIEND. — "Mary always says, 'Nice day!' whenever one meets her, no matter what the weather!"
SECOND FRIEND. — "The dear soul carries her weather with her, you see!"

Skies are not always bright,
Birds do not always sing;
But though by cloud the blue is hid,
And larks have taken wing,
The blue is there in spite of rain,
The music sweet will come again.

What though thy sky is dark,
What though thy birds are fled?
There sunshine make with cheerful smiles,
Sing songs thyself, instead!
God's love is there in spite of rain;
Sunshine and song will come again.

"LIFT THINE EYES ON HIGH."

What do I see, beneath my feet?
A plot of grass, a graveled way,
A tiny bird, a golden flower,
An animal at play.

What do I see, above my head?
The graceful boughs of varied hue,
The azure ocean of the sky,
And white clouds sailing through.

Far, far above, beyond my ken,
The stars in ordered courses move,
Obeying Him who guideth them
In wisdom and in love.

Look up, O man! from earth below;
Unto the heavens lift thine eyes;
Thy body may to earth belong,
Thy spirit claims the skies!

CARPE DIEM.

But a few hours of sunshine bright,
Then twilight and the hush of night.
A day is done!
My soul, use well thy heaven-sent powers;
Soon comes the rest of quiet hours
For everyone.

To-day, thou hast but one day's joy;
A brimming cup without annoy
Is thine, to-day.
Then seize the pleasure on the wing,
For, as the wise old poets sing,
It will not stay!

But if of joy, no less of sorrow
'Tis true; thou need'st not fear to-morrow,
Its burden bear;
One at a time come grief and loss,
The thorny crown or bitter cross,
The wearying care.

One, wiser than an earthly friend,
Deals out thy blessings, or doth send
A touch of pain.
Then why dost thou the future dread,
When daily strength, like "daily bread,"
Will come again?

Ever the sunrise hath been sure;
Ever the steadfast hills endure,
The seasons pass.
When Heaven is constant, why should we
Bemoan a fate we cannot see,
And cry, " Alas "?

But a short day, of sunshine bright,
Then, twilight, and the rest of night;
Short is thy stay!
Oh, crowd thy day with deeds of love,
And He, who looketh from above,
Will guide thy way!

HOLY NIGHT.

Gone is the busy day with all its care,
Its pleasure past, and all its duty done;
Or, if undone, too late it is to mourn,
So let me leave it till to-morrow's sun.

Let me lie down and seek a child's repose
Upon the bosom of my Father kind;
There not a thought and not an earthly sound
Shall vex the soul who seeks Thy peace to find.

Wearied and grateful I Thy shelter seek,
Thou loving God to whom the night belongs;
Let day suffice for burden as for joy;
Night should bring thought of Thee and holy songs!

As I look backward on the path I trod,
I lift my thankful heart to Thee above;
Humbly I crave Thy pardon, ask Thy care,
Then close my eyes and trust me to Thy love.

When Thy swift messenger, the golden sun,
Shoots his bright arrows through my darkened room,

I shall awake, strengthened, refreshed, and
calm,
As dew-kissed flowers regain their early
bloom.

The night is Thine! may I be ever wise,
Nor cheat my soul of her refreshment true;
Why wake to weep, to sigh, or to rejoice,
Since in a night Thou makest all things
new?

NEW AND YET OLD.

I.

Lo! the new moon!

We see her dainty silver boat
Amid the isles of cloud afloat;
Gladly we greet the little bark,
As twilight melts into the dark.

And yet — 'tis but our old moon, still,
That nightly did her course fulfill;
Like the angelic hosts, she kept
Her faithful watch the while we slept.

II.

Hail the new day!

Again the dawn doth paint the skies,
Again the sea transfigured lies;
And, fain to greet the opening day,
The birds take up their roundelay.

Yet 'tis the same dear golden sun
That round the world his course hath run,
Though never just *this* pageant gay
Was spread to welcome in the day.

III.

Greet the New Year!

Yes, once again the chance is given
To make our Earth a little Heaven, —
The same dear Earth that seems the best
Of worlds to those whom love has blest!

New courage comes, my soul, to thee!
Face the New Year which is to be!
In faith and love its days be passed, —
Perchance this year shall be thy last!

"TRAVELER'S JOY."

When on some country road you pass,
And see the daisies in the grass,
And buttercups that gayly grow
On slender stalks swayed to and fro, —
Don't gather every flower in view:
Leave some for those who follow you!

When, walking in the city street,
Some obstacle you chance to meet,
Remove it with a loving care,
Lest to some foot it prove a snare:
'Tis but a kindly thing to do, —
Think of the feet that follow you!

And, as on life's highway you go,
Sow seeds of love, and love will grow!
Remove the stumbling-blocks aside, —
Self-seeking, jealousy, and pride, —
Lest other feet should stumble, too,
The tender feet that follow you.

And, when at last these paths you leave,
Some tears shall fall, some hearts shall grieve,
Safer and better be the road
Which once you traveled with your load,
And men be kinder and more true
Because their footsteps follow you!

"EYE HATH NOT SEEN, NOR EAR HEARD."

These glories have we seen — the flush of dawn,
Noon with its radiance, and the sunset glow,
Starlight serene, and moonlight's witchery,
Changing each common scene to fairyland;

Clouds piled on clouds, like towers and minarets,
Or peaceful skies, without a fleck to mar
The perfect, liquid blue, and, far beneath,
Trees decked in fairest green, or gayly clad
In autumn's robes of russet, gold, and red;

The verdant fields, the shadowed forest paths,
Flowers of all tints and shapes (like jewels spread
Where'er the eye doth roam); the dainty birds —
Each little songster in his feathered garb,
Brilliant or somber, as the Father willed;

The brook, the pool, the lake, the mighty sea, —
Rippling and sparkling or bedecked with foam,
Awful or beautiful, — in storm or calm;
Shadows of clouds and trees, that fly and fade;
And the majestic presence of the hills;

But, best of all, " the blessed human face " —
Eye that can flash intelligence to eye,
Lips that can smile with Love were words unsaid.

And these loved sounds to mortal ear are known —
The mother's lullaby, the speech of friend,
Music of bee, and every darling bird
That wings its airy flight; the voice of song
That man gives utterance to, by joy impelled;
The organ's peal, the sob of violin,
And multitudinous delights that pour
From throat of flute and horn; the sound of rain,
Soothingly falling on the summer leaves;
The waterfall, that leaps; the brook, that sings;
The surf that breaks upon the sandy shore
Or dashes higher than the crested rock;
And that mysterious chant, the pine-tree's voice,
When all beside is still!

And yet
Far more of blissful sight and sound He keeps
Hidden from us until we come to Him!
Earth is so fair — what can Heaven's glories be?

TO A LOVED ONE.

The moon will be as fair, the sky at dawn
With just as lovely colors be o'erspread,
The silver sea will know no ripple less,
When I am dead!

The golden sun will just as gayly shine
Upon the stately lily and the rose;
But on the cloud will be *one rainbow less*,
When mine eyes close!

And tears will fall and smiles will fade away
And, for a little time, thy heart be sad;
But in the choir above will sound a note
Of welcome glad!

One more at home — after the stress and storm
Of Life's long voyage upon a darkening sea!
And, when thou too shalt anchor, one more voice
To welcome thee!

MY SAINTS.

Not in the catalogue their names are written
That Holy Church doth keep from age to age,
Yet fondly do I read the cherished titles
Inscribed on memory's page.

Mystic Theresa's name is not among them,
No meek Elizabeth is written there;
Or sweet Saint Agnes, with her palm and halo,
Her white hands clasped in prayer.

But saints of every day, like many another,
They lived and loved and strove the world to bless —
The friend, the sister, the unselfish mother
Whose aim was holiness.

No candles burn before them on the altar,
No prayers, in solitude, to them are said;
But, in the home they blessed, their memory lingers,
And there they are not dead!

And on their days of birth, in fond remembrance,
Before their pictured faces flowers are set —
Pansy, or rose, or lily-of-the-valley,
Or fragrant violet.

I muse upon their virtues, and remember
Their lives of charity and faithfulness,
And, once again, take courage to press forward,
My world to love and bless.

THE LAST VOYAGE.

On a wide and unknown sea,
Full of awe and mystery,
  Doth a mariner put forth;
He hath neither chart nor guide
For that ocean deep and wide,
  But his needle knows the north!

And we know that far away
He will enter a fair bay,
  Where a lordly city stands;
Its tall minarets and towers
And its beauteous pleasure-bowers
  All were builded without hands.

At the stately city's gate
Doth a royal welcome wait
  Him who braved the trackless main;
And with joy upon his face
Shall he enter that sweet place,
  Never to depart again.

But, across that silent sea,
With its awe and mystery,
  Do our hearts with sadness yearn;
For upon that " solemn main "
Doth no ship sail back again,
  Doth no mariner return!

A BIRD AND A SOUL.

High in the tree-top, near the sky,
  The robin sits and gayly sings
So cheerily, so well content;
  Oh! would that I had wings!
There in the tree-top green and high
I'd sit and sing anear the sky!

So little care the robin has;
  So small his world — so wide his heaven
Alas! that I must stay below,
  Because no wings were given!
Must walk, tho' I am fain to spring
High up aloft, and sway and sing!

Yet cease, my heart, thy murmuring!
  A joy is thine the bird hath not.
E'en while thou chaf'st with discontent,
  Complaining of thy lot,
With fancy's wings thou too mayst rise
And sit and sing anear the skies!

GOD'S WAY.

He gave to me my heart's desire,
And made my lips for joy to sing;
Praise and thanksgiving filled the song
To Him, my Saviour and my King;
But, ere my notes of praise were done,
Dark clouds had gathered o'er my sun.

So dark the clouds, so thick with fear,
My soul was bowed with care and grief;
Yet, in the midst of sorrow drear,
One thought still brought my heart relief,—
"The Hand that spreads the clouds to-day,
Gave thee a blessing yesterday."

And so within that hand divine
My human hand I gladly place,
And trustingly go on my way;
Though clouds conceal His lovely face,
I know, whatever He may send,
God is my Father and my Friend.

PROVIDENCE.

I saw one, girded, eager for the strife,
Given not struggle, but the Crown of Life;
And one, sore bruisèd in the dusty ring,
Was " perfect " made by years of suffering.
Far other choice would I have made than this:
To the first, conflict; to the second, bliss!
Lord, can I not at last to Thee resign
My life, my soul, and every wish of mine?

"ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF."

The heart of man is like the violin —
That wondrous instrument of wood and string:
To any touch it vibrates in reply,
Though with no depth of tenderness it sings.
But let a master lay his skillful hand
Upon the bow, at once awakes to life
The strange, sweet pathos that within it dwells.
Then doth the listener strain his eager ear
To catch the notes of almost human woe;
Tears fill his eyes, and, in the night, he wakes,
Hearing anew those exquisite, low tones,
And sighs for very pleasure in its pain!
Smiles beget smiles, and joy to joy is kin;
Therefore, if one is glad, he gladness shows
To thee, and thanks thee for thine answering smile.
'Tis easy thus to voice the sympathy
That in thy breast springs up to instant birth,
But only he on whom God's hand has lain
In chastening, and again in pitying love,
Can win the secret of another's woe!
And, soon or late, upon each human heart
Is felt the pressure of that hand divine.

THE FRIEND.

When my heart was sad,
  Came a song from out another day,
And it made me glad
  That it helped a comrade on his way.

When my sky was drear,
  Came a friend and laid her hand in mine;
And it gave me cheer,
  Thinking of that other Friend divine.

Heavy is my load!
  But the Friend unseen doth walk beside,
And He knows my road,
  And He chooseth all that shall betide.

So again I sing,
  Though my heart lies heavy in my breast,
For my Lord and King
  Granteth me His promised peace and rest.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

When I am tired and weary,
And nothing goes my way,
I thank the Heavenly Father
For two nights to every day.

But when, once more, I'm rested,
And all the world looks bright,
I thank Him that He sends me
Two days to every night.

There's the pause before the battle,
There's the respite from the fray;
And that is how I reckon
Two nights to every day.

When the sunset glow has faded,
In a little while 'tis light!
And that is how I reckon
Two days to every night.

And so 'tis due, believe me,
To the way we look at things,
Whether we sigh and falter,
Or whether we soar on wings!

FOR A NEW YEAR.

What is a year?
'Tis but a longer day,
With dark and light,
Hours sad or bright,
And time for work and play;
After the daylight follow rest and sleep.
" Dear God " (we pray), " in peace our loved ones keep! "

What is a life?
'Tis but a longer year —
Its spring of youth,
Its autumn's ruth,
Sweet summer, winter drear;
After its seasons, follow rest and sleep.
" Dear God " (we pray), " in peace our spirits keep! "

What is forever?
Only years and years,
Without the grief and tears —
All beauteous summer,
No more wintry fears;
Because " No night is there," no need to pray,
For God in safety keeps us through that day!

GIVE THANKS.

"Somewhere, the birds are singing, evermore."
—*Longfellow.*

Somewhere the blithesome birds are gaily singing,
Tho' all *thy* birds are fled;
Somewhere the fairest buds are sweetly springing,
E'en tho' thy flowers are dead.

On other lands the sun's glad rays are shining,
As here they fade away;
And, where in night thy life is darkly shrouded,
Somewhere 'tis fullest day.

Our Father's eye beholdeth every creature,
Not one too weak or small;
No bird is mute but He the silence marketh —
He listeneth for them all.

And if thy note is absent from the chorus,
Thy voice thou dost not raise,
He misseth just that little added cadence
From the great song of praise.

Oh, let no sorrow cause thy voice to falter!
Each heart hath joys untold;
No one of all God's conscious, living creatures
His love doth not enfold.

Thy woes are His, thy burdens He is bearing.
Canst thou not calmly rest,
And sing with heart and voice, the while reposing
Upon His tender breast?

THERE ARE NO BIRDS IN LAST YEAR'S NEST.

" No birds in last year's nest! " you say?
Ah, no!
For they have flown away, away,
From frost and snow.
In other lands they gayly sing,
Where winter is replaced by spring
And roses blow.

Yet are we happier for their song, —
Ah, yes!
Although their stay could not be long,
They came to bless!
E'en though the nest is empty now,
Hung on the mossy apple-bough
With carefulness!

So, though the dear ones whom we loved
Are fled,
They live within that land above, —
They are not dead!
They needs must leave this world of woe;
But, where perpetual roses blow,
They sing instead.

Their coming gave us far more bliss
Than pain;

And, though their voices do we miss
And seek in vain,
We know that those whose love is ours
Await us — in those heavenly bowers
We'll meet again!

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

Written for the anniversary service held in the First Congregational Church, Sutton, Mass., May 15, 1904, on the occasion of the town's bicentennial.

Mother, again for thy dear face we yearn!
Thy sons and daughters now to thee return;
Far have we wandered, over land and sea,
But come again to seek our home in thee!

In distant cities, 'mid their din and strife,
Through storm and stress we lead our toilsome life;
But for a while the sounds of labor cease —
In thy sweet shelter find we rest and peace!

Deep in our hearts our love for thee doth dwell,
And fervent lips to thee that love would tell.
Proud of the past, and of the future sure,
By us upheld, thine honor shall endure!

Welcome us, Mother! as we come again
To greet each fertile field and peaceful plain;
Trees, clap your hands! Ye little hills, rejoice!
As we to God uplift both heart and voice.
Thee, Lord, we praise, to whom our all we owe:
To Thee be glory given above, below;

Earth's fondest love to us Thy love hath shown —
So may our lives Thine endless life make known.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

Written for the Diamond Jubilee celebrated at the Prospect Street Congregational Church, Cambridge, Mass., September, 1902.

Here in Thy temple, Lord, we bow,
  And offer up our prayer and praise;
As did our fathers, do we now
  Acknowledge Thee in all our ways.

Upon Thine altar burns the flame
  They kindled in the days of old;
Here do Thy servants still proclaim
  The message by the Gospel told.

We thank Thee for the words of cheer,
  Of comfort, counsel, hope, and trust,
Whose deathless echoes still we hear
  Although the lips that spake are dust.

We bless Thee for the saintly lives
  Whose fragrance still these walls enclose,
Like the sweet perfume that survives
  The form and color of the rose.

Abide Thou with us, Lord, we pray;
  As once the sires, the children bless;
Here may we serve Thee day by day,
  Walking in ways of holiness.

And, as our voices now we raise
In fervent gratitude to Thee,
Thine be the honor and the praise,
And Thine may all the glory be!

THE COURT OF THE KING.

Oh, say! have you been
To the court of a king?
There are jewels and laces,
And fair women's faces,
And " orders " in plenty, and music so sweet,
And the rushing of feet,
As his errands they do;
And his courtiers bring
All his subjects, with speed, to the court of the king.

You have seen the night's pageant —
The court of the king:
His planets and stars —
(Stately Venus and Mars
And the countless bright throng
That in heaven belong).
" Rain and snow, cloud and vapor,
And wild winds " you've heard
" Obeying His word,"
And they ceaselessly sing,
And His praises do ring, in the court of the King!

Pray, should you be sad
If a summons you had
To the court of a king?

I think you would heed,
And quickly would speed,
With jewels and lace and joy on your face;
With his messengers go,
If they came for you so,
Saying, " Majesty calls!
Come, haste to his halls — to the court of the king!"

Then why should you fear
A message to hear
From the King of all kings?
His firmament rings
With messages many;
His angels do speed
To mortals in need;
No halls are so stately, with music they ring!
And thy loved wait for thee,
As mine wait for me,
In the court of the King.

A TREASURE.

Only a little golden ring
That in my hand I hold,
Yet it is worth far more to me
Than just its weight in gold!

For, on a birthday, long ago,
My mother gave it me,
And, with loving words, on my girlish hand
She placed it tenderly.

Only a little golden ring!
Yet it binds me to the past;
My girlhood's days I seem to see,
As upon it my eye is cast.

There were many friends whom I dearly loved
Whom I gladly would behold,
But none whose love was so pure as hers
Who gave me my ring of gold!

Only a little golden ring!
But it binds me to the skies,
For there, by faith, her form I see,
As I look through tearful eyes.

If those lips might speak to me again,
And the clasp of those arms enfold!
For one mother-kiss I'd gladly part
With my little ring of gold!

TO MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

How full and strong is now the voice
  That was on earth so dear!
And with what joyfulness of heart
  She joins the chorus clear!

And yet, methinks, she sometimes seems
  A coming one to wait,
And, leaving some sweet heavenly task,
  She listens at the gate.

Often in childish days gone by
  My lingering feet delayed,
And, waiting there, I saw her stand,
  Anxious and half afraid;

Ah! sweet it was to know that love
  So watchful was alway,
And then to enter by the door
  To which she led the way!

O Mother! when my earthly bark
  Shall touch the golden strand,
Thine be the voice to welcome me,
  Thine be the outstretched hand!

And, waiting but to press me close,
  And clasp my hand in thine,
Then straightway lead me to our Lord,
  Saying, " This child was mine."

" This is the soul Thou gavest me,
To wean from self and sin,
And now, at last, my love has won,
My prayers have drawn her in."

O Home above, so glorious,
So wonderfully fair,
A Home indeed 'twill seem to me,
To find my Mother there.

MOTHER AND SON.

On seeing a painting in the Art Club Exhibition in Boston, 1905.

One says, " I have no time for Motherhood —
Fashion and pleasure, art and toil forbid."
(As if, forsooth, a blossom had no time
To look to heaven, or a bird to sing!)

O Baby, Baby, lying on my heart,
Time is not lost spent in thy company!
I'd rather fold thy tiny, velvet feet,
Or feel thy kisses on my brow and cheek,
Or thy soft, dimpled arms about me clasped,
Than be an empress on an Eastern throne.

I'd rather have but thee for audience,
Winning applause from thy sweet, rosy mouth
And clapping hands, than face a staring crowd,
E'en though I walked on " roses all the way."
What satin shimmering on a woman's breast
Is half so soft as is thy little palm?
What ermine, thrown around her neck, can bear
Comparison with thy soft ringlet's wave?
What scent of violet or sweetest rose
So fragrant as thy innocent, soft breath?

What music sweeter to a mother's ear
Than is that infant voice that lisps her name

Or laughs aloud, in happy, baby glee
At color, motion, toy, or flying bird?

No joy of modeling from the soft clay,
Or using color, with a master's touch,
Can match the pleasure that a mother has
Clothing the fragrant flesh in raiment soft,
And fashioning for him all fair array
Who is her gift of God, her very own.

What pleasure dearer than a child to rear,
Watching him grow in wisdom and in grace,
Winning his heart, for God, in earliest years,
And teaching him to speak His holy name
Whose children are we all? As time goes on,
And the fair, growing lad in stature grows
(Like to the Boy who to the Temple strayed,
And listened to the Doctors of the Law),
How proudly does the mother watch her son,
Though he outstrips her wisdom by his own!

When the years pass, and she is growing old,
Fashion will pall and Pleasure flee away,
But what is fonder than the manly kiss
From bearded lips, or the young arm's strong
clasp
About the mother thrown in tender love?
Who can be prouder than that mother when
Her son doth thrill a listening multitude,

Or sing the song that wakens hearts to life,
Or place on canvas beauteous scenes and fair,
And thus, with his gift, bless a waiting world?

When Death shall come and hold her by the hand,
Think you he is not welcomed with a smile,
Because some darling (lost while still a babe,
Now grown like to the angels), beckoning stands
And whispers, "Mother" as he leads her Home?

Ah, thou, sweet Mary, Maid of Galilee,
Hadst thou too busy been, 'mid humble tasks,
The Angel of Annunciation fair
To welcome, as thy lowly home he sought,
Truly, no sword had pierced thy blessed heart,
But, *thou hadst not been mother of our Lord.*

BABY SISTER.

The angels came and brought her
(So everybody said),
A darling little daughter
By mother's side is laid.

Her sweet eyes won't stay open,
So tired she must be,
Coming down all those shiny stairs
To reach the nursery.

But I am going to stay awake
And see the angels, when
Another baby-girl they have
To bring this way again.

THE MOON AT MIDNIGHT.

I wonder what's the matter
  With the moon's face, Mother dear?
It looks so very different,
  So swollen-up and queer.

Perhaps it has a toothache,
  Or else the man inside
Ate too much cake or candy,
  And very nearly died!

It isn't near so pretty
  As it looked right after tea;
Then it was round and golden,
  And faces made at me.

I guess I'm better, Mother,
  That pain has gone away;
(There isn't nearly so much fun
  At night as in the day).

Good-night, old Moon, I'm sorry
  Your man has such a pain.
Now, Mother, carry me to bed
  And tuck me up again.

THREE GIFTS.

I am curtained away from the night,
On the hearth the fire burns bright;
My lamp is trimmed and lit,
And I sit in the glow of it;
As each moment fades and dies,
In my heart these thoughts arise:

I thank Thee, O God, for Fire!
As I watch the flames aspire,
My thought, too, soars above
To the Heart of infinite love;
May my soul burn and glow,
As more of Thyself I know!

I thank Thee, O God, for Light!
As I sit by my lamp to-night,
This prayer, O Lord, is mine:
That I, too, may softly shine
To guide, to bless, to cheer
Thy children, O Father dear!

I thank Thee, O God, for Home!
How many there are who roam,
Far from the Father's roof
Holding themselves aloof!
May my door be open wide
To Thy wandering ones outside!

Warmth is the heart of the Fire.
Oh! may my fond desire
Be, gracious Friend, to prove
The depth and the breadth of Love.
So kindle more love divine
In my heart, by the love in Thine!

Cheer is the soul of the Lamp.
Tho' the night be dark and damp,
And the merciless, pelting rain
Beats on my window pane,
Within doth Cheer prevail —
May my soul-cheer never fail!

Love is the center of Home.
Whene'er its inmates come,
Love greets them and leads them in
To her innermost shrine within.
So, Lord, in my heart and face
May Love find a dwelling-place.

Warmth and Cheer and Love —
All sent by the Giver above!
My heart sings for thankfulness,
And Thy holy name doth bless!
Yet these, Thy gifts so rare,
Help me, in love, to share.

"A HEART AT LEISURE FROM ITSELF."

'Tis Cheer the sad world needs —
  Anyone can sigh!
Just smile and give a gleam of sun,
  As you pass by.

'Tis Love it's waiting for —
  Only just a bit!
Oh! can't you let your love go out
  To brighten it?

'Tis Friendliness it craves —
  Be thou a friend!
And loving tears thou shalt not lack
  When comes the end.

MY JEWELS.

Gems are mine, more rich by far
Than the costliest diamonds are;
And they, one and all, may be
Found in Nature's treasury.

Deeper than the sapphire's glow
Is the glorious sea below;
And the topaz rays I love
Has the sunshine up above.

Green the emerald is, and rare —
Swaying trees are yet more fair!
Purple violets, dew-kissed,
Love I more than amethyst.

All the rubies that I know
Pale before the sunset glow;
But the pearl — I see it gleam
In the witching moonlight's beam.

Though an empress gave to me
Crown and scepter as a fee,
For her gems I would not part
With my own, untouched by art.

SUMMER IS GONE.

Summer is gone, the butterflies are dead,
The little birds fly southward one by one;
No longer elm and maple widely spread
Their boughs of emerald 'neath the shining sun.
The roses, too, are dead — woe and alas!
" So sweet a season and so soon to pass! "

Yet look again, sweet maid, and sigh no more;
With red and gold the bowers of Autumn shine,
Russet and crimson deck the tree-tops still,
And gayly paint the tendrils of the vine;
The wee, brown sparrows twitter, chirp, and fly,
And glorious sunsets light the western sky.

All is not over because Summer's fled!
'Tis but a little while ere back again
Will come the blithesome robin and the wren,
And herald the sweet queen with all her train;
Far sweeter blossoms yet shall climb and creep
Where the dead roses lie in dreamless sleep.

THREE.

Three comrades walked with me when life
was new,
And one was Youth, whose brow from care
was free;
The second one was Joy, who danced and
sung;
The other, Hope. These kept me company
Until a day when Youth "farewell" did say,
And left me at a turning of the way.

Fair Hope walks with me still, but keeps her
eyes
Lifted to where the hills of Heaven shine;
And Joy (whose other name is Peace) remains,
Though in her face I see a light divine;
But well I know, when past earth's toil and
pain,
Sweet Youth, once lost, will then be mine
again.

TRANSITION.

All solitary and unheralded
Lovely Diana doth her progress make;
The swaying boughs the secret whisper not,
The little birds keep silence for her sake,
Till, at the eventide, one doth espy
Her silver bow athwart the primrose sky.

When the fair Spring from absence long returns,
Hastening her faithful friends anew to greet,
All unannounced she cometh; unawares,
She works her yearly miracle; her feet
So swift and soundless are that while we hear,
"Spring-time is coming!" lo, she doth appear.

So, without tumult, in the hush of night,
Steal forth the conquering armies of the snow;
No watching sentinel beholds their march,
So noiselessly and stealthily they go;
Yet, when we rise from sleep with heavy eyes,
On every side the town beleaguered lies.

And ever joy comes to us unawares;
Love leads us captive, by a sweet surprise;

Our happy days are those we looked not for,
And Sorrow oft steals on us in disguise;
So, silently, the while we hold our breath,
Our loved ones leave us for the arms of Death.

Ah! thus for me, when some fair, summer
dawn
Tints with her tender color sky and sea,
And the tired boatman hails the welcome land
As he rows back from Night and Mystery,
May angel voices whisper, " Fear no more!
Thy bark is anchored on the Deathless
Shore."

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